Supernatural, Dean/Castiel, sex pollen

NC-17, PWP, apparently I can write PWP for this pairing pretty well?

There's desperation in Castiel's movements when he grips Dean's jacket and hauls him close, a desperation Dean's never seen in his angel before, but he doesn't have time to think about it, not when Castiel is crushing their lips together, moaning as lips and tongues and teeth meet, and then they are apart again, Castiel flushed and looking just as startled as Dean feels.

"What - what the hell, Cas?" Dean stammers out, breathless and already wondering if he can get Castiel to kiss him again.

Instead of answering, Castiel loosens his tie, the action sending a jolt of heat through Dean.

"Cas?" Dean tries again, trying to think of reasons why he shouldn't touch.

"I need you," Castiel says, tie slipping from his fingers, jacket following it to the floor. "I need you now."

Dean doesn't know what to say to that, not when Castiel is giving his shirt an irritated look before pulling it all off, heedless of buttons.

The moment the shirt hits the floor Castiel seems to lose his steam, looking at Dean, and there's a mixture of confusion and heat in his eyes.

He needs, and he doesn't know how to go about getting it, so he looks to Dean, hoping that Dean will understand and know what to do.

A moment passes and then it clicks in Dean's mind, and yeah, he doesn't know what's going on, but that can wait. He puts his hands on Cas' waist and pulls him closer, kissing him deeply.

"Need me, huh?" He asks, voice husky with arousal already.

"Yes, Dean," Castiel answers, and kisses him again. "Please."

And this time, there is no hesitation, no confusion or wondering: Dean makes his decision and shoves Cas back towards the bed, landing on top of him, already cursing that he forgot to take his clothes off first.

Cas gasps as Dean nips at his lip and slides down his chest, licking at his nipples and tugging his pants down, undoing a belt that probably hasn't been removed in nearly a year.

Castiel gets what he needs when Dean finally finally slides down and takes him into his mouth, sucking his cock firmly, eyes locked on Castiel's. He'd never do this, not for anyone else, and Cas knows this, even as his mind goes white from the pleasure.

It's overwhelming and too much and Castiel can feel it when Dean's tongue works over his tip, when Dean blows air on him, when Dean grazes his teeth gently over his balls.

The sheets rip under his grip, the mattress rips too when he comes, arching with a shout that makes the lights flicker.

Dean climbs up Cas, grinning down at him, and kisses him again.

"Better now?" Dean asks, and Cas just closes his eyes, wraps his arms around Dean and holds him close.

"Yes."